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hammered work must convince any just thinker that these views are not fanciful but are the natural fruit of great principles.

In the metals presented to our inspection at this house we found some magnificent specimens of repoussé, and were informed how this style of chasing came into use. In this process the whole of the design is struck up from the back, and it probably arose from the fact that in hammered work executed in copper, brass, silver, gold, or other metal, the treatment is necessarily varied according to the more or less tenacity or ductility of the metal. Thus gold may be worked to extreme thinness, but it wants the stiffness of iron and requires support, while in the latter metal we find no such difficulty, for it may be hammered on the back, front, or side, twisted in all directions, and reduced to comparative thinness and still be self-supporting and enduring.

Turning from the fine pieces of this work, we saw placed before a fire of what seemed to be glowing coals, but which were in fact heaped up



SALAMANDER FIRE BACK.

bits of colored glass filling the grate with splendid color, reflected in the jeweled fire screen, the design of which we have given.

Made of the finest polished brass in the most elaborate and intricate pattern, it was studded with cut jewel glass of many harmonious shades, together with real Brazilian pebbles of delicate colors and great brilliancy, the circle in the center being formed of white glass set in lead framing gilded, the blossom being beautifully filled in with colored glasses of appropriate hues.

Set before the gleaming glass coals, which shone through this gorgeous screen in a hundred changeful hues, nothing could be imagined more effective to light one corner or side of a room, done in a deep warm shade of brown, crimson, or maroon, or to supply a glow of color to an apartment finished in snowy white and gilt, although the effect of the former would be somewhat more artistic to our thinking.

The small stand also was placed near the screen and held the attention for the severe beauty of its design, also in polished brass, and the superb square of alabaster which formed the top, a piece of stone was of such fine quality that one could almost wish it cut in a jewel for personal adornment.

We noticed too, a new mirror, supported by a small upright at the back, placed on a larger table of rare wood carving, which was framed in enameled brass set with tiny turquoise and rubies in a sort of lace pattern, into which Queen Venus need not have disdained to look and contemplate her charms.

But to enumerate the beauties of this apartment would be to make a catalogue of quite indescribable articles from tongs, dogs, shovels, pots, screens or grates of fireplaces to the imported or antique clock on its shelf, under-glaze tiles in plaques, squares or framed pictures, mosaics that rival those of Rome, and paintings from the wonderful tile works of France, so finely executed on the most difficult of surfaces, that the realization of the success gives but a faint idea of the genius of him who could produce it.

To those who have "a craze" for the antique, or "a rage" for "genuine old wares" it might be a beneficent lesson to examine this modern work,

so superior in beauty, richness, and finish to most of the things which "came over in the Mayflower!" That Noah's ark of a Mayflower, which, if really filled with the "bits" of furniture and bric-a-brac which have been claimed for it, would have had "Governors' Chairs" by sevens and seventy times seven and tables by pairs twenty times repeated, until its capacity must have equaled the original boat, which took in all the beasts, insects, birds and "creeping things" in those numbers, of the whole earth.

And to the connoisseur or student of metal work in the ripe perfection to which it has been brought in this country, the contemplation of the various kinds and qualities, designs, and originalities of these superior artificers will prove an admirable opportunity to gather added information or to secure some prize, as with never-failing courtesy, the word of greeting to observer or stranger or friend at this house is always "Welcome."

WANTED, A WALHALLA.

BY W. L. D. O'GRADY.

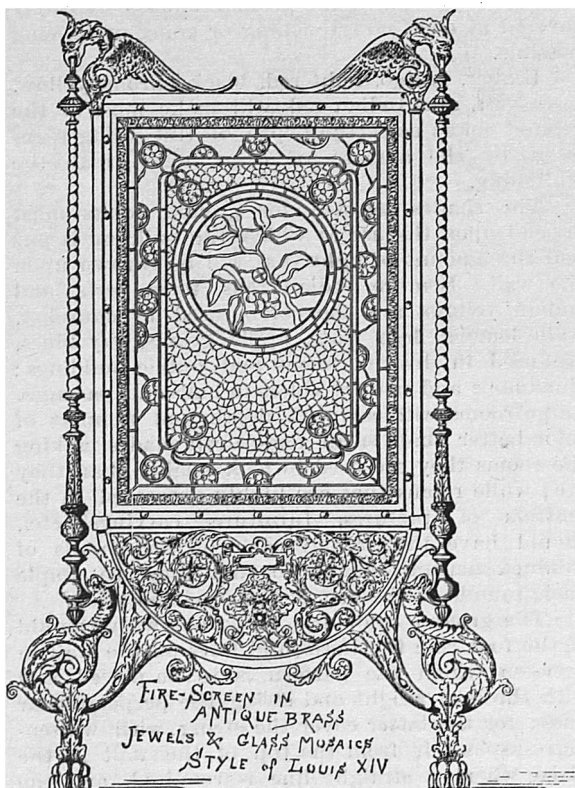
THANKS to the munificence of Mr. Vanderbilt, whose acts belie what he, like the good man David, said in his haste, and who has shown himself to be public spirited, even though he did make the famous remark about the public, the trophies assigned by magnates of the earth to General Grant, by monarchs with crowns and the uncrowned monarchs with votes, as a representative American, are to find a fit destination as the property of the country whose great citizen men thought fit to honor.

The question at once suggests itself, where shall these trophies be placed?

No doubt, Washington, as the Legislative metropolis, will be entrusted with the custody of these precious mementoes, and it is a painful fact that there is not in Washington, or, for that matter, anywhere else on the Continent from the North Pole to Cape Horn, an edifice fit for the purpose of receiving such relics.

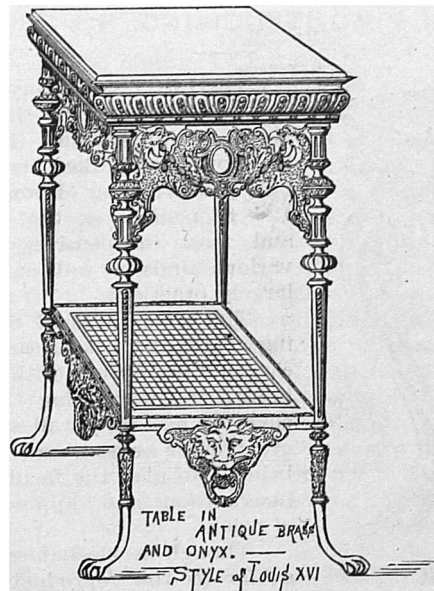
To have them labeled and stowed away higgledy-piggledy in some museum is no fit treatment for them. It is a source of shame that George Washington's old coat and breeches are insignificantly displayed in the Patent Office among the records no doubt of many glorious triumphs of intellect and mechanical skill, but also dividing attention with the crack-brained inventions of the multitudinous army of ingenious cranks that we have, like the poor, always with us.

Our stock of relics of great men, especially military men, while probably extensive enough for a country not much over a century old and which has won more victories in peace than in war, is scattered, and while moderate in bulk, would, if collected together, probably fill more space than could be spared in the Capitol, which is really the only building approximately fit to enfold them.



In fact, there cannot be space there, as there seems to be now too little room for the Congressional Library.

We need a National Walhalla with a Court of Honor to decide what should be preserved and exhibited in it, and open to the reception of such



worthy mementoes from all the States, a Museum of Glory, pure and simple, an edifice of majestic and severe simplicity adorned with noble historical paintings which our artists would be inspired by their subjects and their opportunity to depict, and where such medals, swords, shields, addresses, etc., as those presented to General Grant would be becomingly displayed for the admiration and patriotic enlightenment of our children's children for generation after generation.

What has become of the old battle flags which waved in the wars with England, Mexico, and the successful settlement of "the late unpleasantness?" They should be gathered from their obscurity and massed where their very sight would arouse the emotions of patriotism. Every tattered fold is a poem, unmatched by the periods of any bard who ever sang. Alas! They are "mute, inglorious Miltons" now!

In cellars and private houses, country seats and amid petty surroundings generally, the majority of these flags, which were upheld at the cost of the life blood of thousands on thousands of our best and bravest, are to be found.

For instance, several of the flags of the Irish Brigade are in the cellar of a tailor, successor to another tailor who shed money like water to sustain his countrymen who shed their blood for the union; but the present tailor is a Pharaoh who knew not Joseph, and wants the old flags out of the way. He wants their room for his dry goods. Others are with the families of officers, most of whom are dead.

If they go to Albany their fate will be no better. They will go into a cellar, and moreover, as some of them were presented by private citizens and not issued as ordnance stores by the States, it is felt that the Albany Capitol is not the place for them. It has been suggested that the Central Park Museum might find room for them.

But should such things be sent begging for a resting place? As with those, it is with most of the flags of the New York organizations, and probably with those of most of the other States.

Let us rescue these banners and build our own *Hotel des Invalides* and garrison it with a Guard of Honor, a *corps d'élite* chosen from veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic!

THE grounds about one's house are generally the better for having a smack of nature in them. The parks at Versailles and Hampton Court show how beautiful artifice can be, yet who would wish to be surrounded by a Watteau landscape all the time? The effect would be cloying. One or two big, rough, natural trees, an elm that swings its green plumes in the summer wind or a dark pine that stands for shade and a note of positive color in the picture, are worth more to keep by you than an acre of cedars trimmed into forms of urns and cubes and cylinders. Trimmed vegetation should be confined to borders, arbors, and plots of flowers, and when trimmed at all should be kept neatly clipped and free of dead leaves and twigs. The Belgians are clever tree culturists and have the knack of training a tree in almost any form they like. A street in Brussels is bordered by growing trees that are trained on trellises of wire, forming a thin, continuous wall of foliage. Yet it is a relief to the eye to turn from this restrained vegetation to the voluminous leafage of trees in the adjacent park. Where grounds are of some extent and not too artificial in arrangement, rustic gateways make appropriate entrances. They are picturesque, they conform to their surroundings, they show the way into the grounds, and when a bit of roof is erected over them it not only protects the gate from the weather but gives presage of the hospitality to be extended under the roof of the house beyond it.